



COMICS

FEATURE

OCTOBER

MICHAEL, THIS IS
ONE ROBBERY I'LL
SOLVE BEFORE
THAT SMART CLOCK
GETS HERE!

JOE PALOOKA

CHARLIE CHAN

JANE ARDEN

CAPTAIN
FORTUNE

THE
CLOCK

NO. 25 10¢

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JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS IS ME IN THE BACK SEAT OF A CAR WHICH BELONGED TO MIKE BRAUNER'S DOD--THAT IS MAX AT THE STEERING WHEEL.



ONCE HE WAS GOIN' TO A PROM IN THE CAR AN' MR. BRAUNER COULDN'T GET IT STARTED WHEN IT DO GOT STARTED WHY IT WAS ALREADY RIPPIN' AN' WE DINT

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM



AN' HERE'S MY MOM AN' POP'S WEDDIN' PITCHER! I GOT A BIG THRILL WHEN I LOOK AT IT--THEY'RE THE BEST MOM AN' POP THAT EVER WAS, I GUESS!



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

BOBBY
OF
MY
MOTHER
BOOBY
WAS
GIVEN
BY
BROTHER
STEWART
TO
BOBBY



AN
OTHER
TRICK
WAS
TO
GIVE
A
DOLL
OF
HIMSELF
WHEN
HE
WENT
TO
SCHOOL



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



Follow Joe Palooka in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale September 29th.

OFF THE RECORD BY ED REED.

"I'M JUST TRYIN' THIS ONE ON FOR SIZE, LADY!"



SALE 4 CENTS

"WHY I WOULDN'T BE FOUND DEAD IN THAT AWFUL RATTLETRAP!"



"SAY— FRED'S GUN MUST HAVE KICKED ON HIM!"



"QUICK, SPIKE— PRETEND WE'RE DOIN' HAND SHADOW TRICKS HERE!"



THE TALE OF THE TROUBLED TWINS



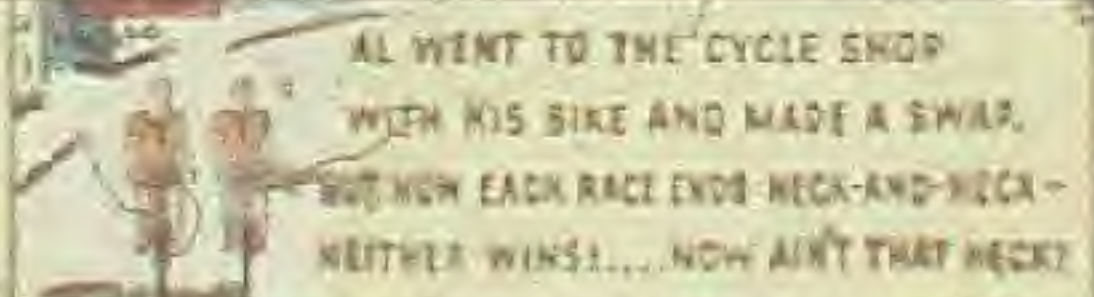
HAL AND AL WERE TWINS ALIKE; EACH RECEIVED A BRAND-NEW BIKE. ONE WAS RED AND ONE WAS BLUE. NOW THEY SHOUTED: WOULDN'T YOU?



THO THEIR BIKES SEEMED JUST THE SAME, (EVEN TO THE MAKER'S NAME), HAL'S BLUE BEAUTY ALWAYS WON EVERY CLIMB, OR COAST, OR RUN.



AL WAS VERY MYSTIFIED, 'TILL AT LAST, BY CHANCE, HE SPIED ON HAL'S BIKE A MORROW BRAKE (HIS WAS OF A DIFFERENT MAKE!) "NOW," SAID AL, THE SLEUTH, "I SEE. WHY YOU ALWAYS WIN FROM ME! MORROW BRAKES ARE PLENTY SLICK. LET'S GO TRADE IN THIS ONE QUICK!"



AL WENT TO THE CYCLE SHOP WITH HIS BIKE AND MADE A SWAP. BUT NOW EACH RACE ENDS NECK-AND-NECK— NEITHER WINS!... NOW AIN'T THAT NECK?

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LALA PALOZA

THIS IS MY LATEST INVENTION
FOR BATHROOM BARITONES
WHO LIKE SINGING...
BUT NOT
THEIR OWN!



MY BRIDGE CLUB
WILL BE HERE THIS
AFTERNOON, VINCENT.
SO DO TRY TO
BEHAVE
YOURSELF!

SURE,
SIS!



I'M GONNA LOOK MYSELF IN
THE BATHROOM-- THEN I
CAN'T GET IN ANY
TROUBLE!



HEY, MEDDOWS,
GONNA TAKE A BATH
FOR ME
WILL YOU?

I'M SORRY, SIR,
I DIDN'T HEAR
YOU!



A BATH!
I WANNA
TAKE A
BATH!!

A BATH--OH YES,
SIR-- RIGHT
AWAY, SIR!



MEDDOWS IS
A GOOD BUTLER
BUT HE'S AS DEAD
AS A
CODFISH!



HELLO,
LALA!

HELLO, GIRLS,
SO NICE OF YOU
TO COME TO
MY BRIDGE!



LALA DEAR,
ISN'T IT A
LITTLE
CHILLY
HERE?

IT IS, DARLING--
I'LL HAVE THE
BUTLER BUILD
A FIRE!



MEDDOWS, MAKE A
FIRE IN THE
FIREPLACE.

BEG
PARDON
MADAM!



I SAID MAKE A
FIRE--A
FIRE!

I'M SORRY,
MADAM--I
DIDN'T HEAR
YOU!



A FIRE--I WANT
A FIRE--A
FIRE!!

OH, YES--
A FIRE--
RIGHT AWAY,
MADAM!



WHERE IS
THE FIRE?!

LALA PALOOZA

FLAT-FOOT FLOOGIE'S A SURE THING TODAY!

HEY, LALA—WILL YA LEND ME TWO BUCKS?

RACING CHART



BUT, LALA—JUST TWO BUCKS, THAT'S ALL—

TO BET ON A HORSE, EH? NO, VINCENT, YOU CAN HAVE IT!



GOSH—SHE HAS NO BUSINESS SENSE AT ALL—TWO SIGNS ON FLAT-FOOT FLOOGIE WOULD BRING HOME FORTY FISH!



OH, WELL, THERE'S NO USE GOING OUT WITH NO DOUGH—I GUESS I'LL JUST SIT AROUND AND LISTEN TO THE RADIO—



AND NOW WE WILL HEAR FROM ROVER J. HATEM, PRESIDENT OF THE UPLIFT SOCIETY FOR HENPECKED HUSBANDS—MISTER HATEM—



GENTLEMEN, TOO LONG HAS THE MIGHTY MALE BOWED TO THE WHIMS AND WISHES OF WHACKY WOMEN!! ARE WE MICE OR ARE WE MEN? ARE WE—



—TO SUFFER IN SILENCE WHILE WOMEN WALK ALL OVER US? NO, BROTHERS A THOUSAND TIMES NO!—ARISE!! COMRADES, STRIKE!



MAN IS THE MASTER—ALL DAMES ARE DOPES!—ASSERT YOURSELVES! DEMAND YOUR RIGHTS—



MIGHTY MALE... MAN THE MASTER... MAN OR MOUSE? ARISE! STRIKE!



THAT LAD'S GOT LOGIC!—WHERE DOES LALA GET OFF TELLIN' ME I CAN'T HAVE TWO BUCKS!



YOU HEARD ME—TWO BUCKS—CASH—COIN OF THE REALM—OR DO I HAVE TO BAT YOU ABOUT A BIT?



ZING!



...AND LITTLE BERNARD BUNNY HIPPIDY HOPPED OFF INTO THE WILDWOOD—GOOD NIGHT, WIDDIES—

LALA PALOOZA

HEY! - HAS ANYBODY
SEEN A
BOOK?



IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THAT
BOOK "THE GLASS GUN," MISTER
VINCENT - MISS LALA TOOK IT
BACK TO THE
LIBRARY!



HOLY SMOKE! I HID THAT
TWENTY BUCKS
I WON ON THE
PONIES
IN IT!



I GOTTA CATCH LALA
BEFORE SHE TURNS THAT
BOOK IN!



LALA,
WHERE'S
THAT
BOOK?

THE GLASS GUN? -
I JUST LEFT IT
IN THE
LIBRARY.



THE GLASS GUN? - I'M SORRY,
SIR, THAT YOUNG LADY JUST
TOOK
IT -



HERE SHE COMES - I'LL
MAKE HER THINK
I'M A BANDIT AND...



STICK 'EM UP - HAND
OVER THAT BOOK!



YOU OUGHT
TO BE...



ASHAMED
OF...



YOURSELF -
GOING
AROUND
SCARING...



DEFENSELESS
WOMEN!



DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HAT,
BABY? I BOUGHT IT
WITH TWENTY DOLLARS
I FOUND IN A LIBRARY
BOOK!!



More of Lala Palooza in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS - on sale September 29th.

CHARLIE CHAN

by Alfred HURDOLA









THAT'S WHY WE CALLED IN INSPECTOR CHAN! WE CAN'T RISK TO GET PEOPLE WHO WERE FRIENDLY TURN AGAINST US!

MAYBE THEY'D JUSTIFIED I DON'T KNOW! TWO MEN HAD BEEN KILLED AND SEVERAL OVERCOME BY A POISON GAS IN OUR MINE! NOW I HAVE ONLY A SOLIDIFIED CASE LEFT WORKING A SMALL SECTION!



IT IS CARBON MONOXIDE GAS WHICH KEEPS THEM THROUGH!

NO! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS! ANY GAS IS DEAD IN A GOLD MINE—BUT THIS EVEN HAS THE EXPERTS BAFFLED! IT'S—IT'S ALMOST UNREAL!



IS THAT YOUR MINE, MR. BARRON? IT LOOKS HEALTHY!



NO-WAY! THAT'S THE POWERS MINE! IT IS HEALTHY—WE JUST ACROSS THE RIVER FROM OURS!



YOUNG TONY POWERS IS IN CHARGE OF THE MINE NOW! CAME BACK FROM THE EAST SIX MONTHS AGO WHEN HIS FATHER DIED! WE WERE GOOD FRIENDS' ONCE—BUT NOW!



—MRS. POWERS WAS A FINE WOMAN—BUT TON WAS A JEALOUS MAN. ONE MORNING SHE WAS FOUND AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNT! I'M SURE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT BUT TON THOUGHT SHE KILLED HERSELF FOR LOVE OF ME!



WELL, HE WENT! AFTERNOON BEFORE! I SEE INSPECTOR CHAN AND MR. BARRON MADE IT ALL RIGHT!

ADDRESS
MINE
BARRON



THIS IS ROGER CHANG, MY MINE CAPTAIN. WE'VE BEEN WITH ME FOR TWENTY YEARS—SINCE WE WERE KIDS! WE'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT TOGETHER!



YES... A GREAT DEAL! ITS TOO BAD THE WAY THINGS ARE! THAT MINE COULD BE BURSTING WITH ACTION JUST—JUST LIKE THE POWERS MINE ACROSS THE RIVER!



IF YOU'RE NOT TOO TIGHT GRAB AND I WILL TAKE YOU BOTH DOWN TO LOOK AT THE MINE.

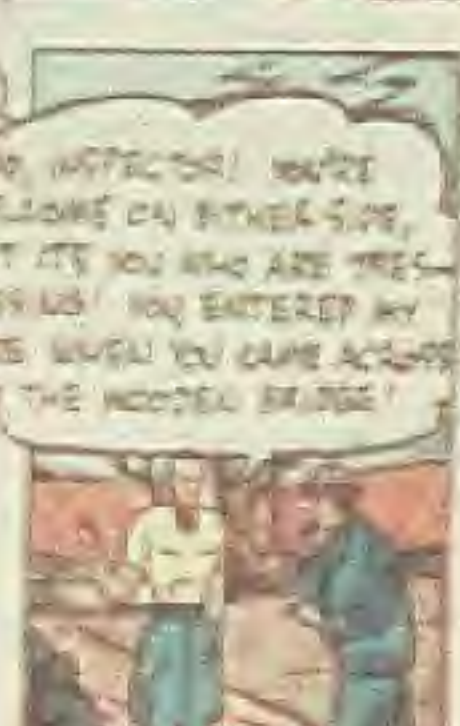
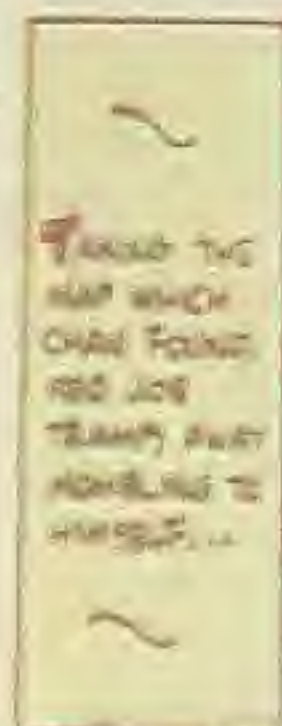
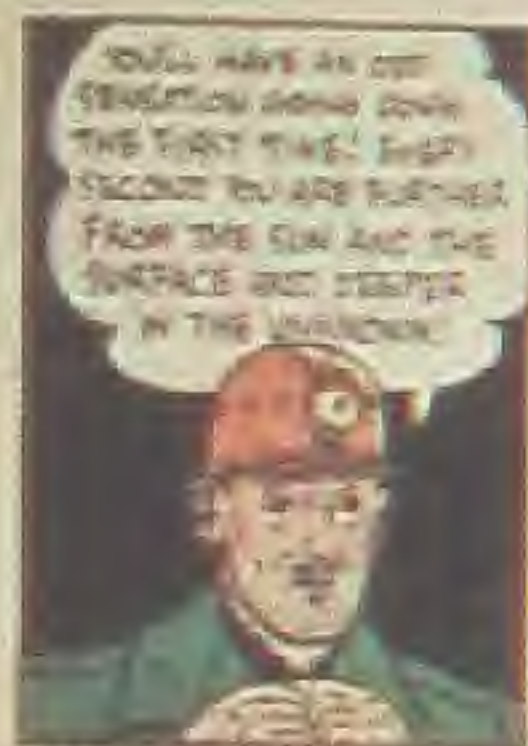


YOU'RE ALL IN! YOU MUST TAKE A HAP!—ROGER AND I WILL TAKE THEM DOWN!



WE MUST CARRY ON, WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!

ALL RIGHT, BARRON, BUT THERE IS VERY LITTLE DANGER! HERE'S A CROSS-SECTION DIAGRAM OF THE MINE! IT WILL HELP YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON!











CONTINUED...

CHARLIE CHAN COMPLETELY SOLVES THE HEDRIN GOLD MINE MYSTERY IN THE NEXT ISSUE



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

REFORMING A REFORMER.

By R. L. TUTTLE





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

LIFE SAVING AGAIN.

By H. J. TUTTILL



Follow The Bungles in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale September 29th.

CAPTAIN FORTUNE



by VERNON HENKEL -



THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP WAS A FRENCH TRADER. HE WAS AT THE HEAD OF THE SHIP, AND HE WAS A FRENCH TRADER.

CAPTAIN TYRONE FORTUNE ADDRESSING HIS MEN

IT IS A DANGEROUS ENTERPRISE I AM CHOSEN TO LEAD, AND ONE FOR FIGHTERS WITH THEIR STOMACHS IN IT!



AYE / AYE WE'RE READY FOR ANYTHING!

SPANISH GOLD IS WHAT WE WANT!



A PACK OF HOWLING WOLVES THEY ARE, SIR, AND NOT AN HONEST MAN AMONG THEM!

YOU ARE RIGHT WILL, AND IT'S OUR TASK TO LEAD THEM.



FOR DAYS THE SHIP PLOWED THROUGH THE TURBULENT SEA, THEN ONE MORNING -

A SHIP ON THE HORIZON, SIR!



IT HAS THE LOOKS OF A FRENCH TRADER! - HOIST THE FRENCH COLORS!



THEY RUN UP A SIMILAR FLAG -- PUT A SHOT ACROSS THE BOW AND COMMAND HER TO STAND TO!

AYE, SIR!



AS THEIR SHIP DREW CLOSE TO THE FRENCHMEN, A CLATTER OF MUSKETRY GREETED THE ATTACKERS.



BUT THE SHIPWRECK OF THE FRENCHMAN WAS BLASTED AWAY BY A CANNON SHOT.

THE SHIPS WERE LASHED TOGETHER, AND FORTUNE'S MEN DROPPED OVER THE RAIL...



SO VIOLENT WAS THE ATTACK THAT THE FRENCH WERE QUICKLY SUBDUED.

TIE THEM UP - SEIZE THE CARGO!



YOU MEAN WE'RE GAILING AWAY WITH- OUT SENDING THE SHIP TO THE BOTTOM?

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS - JUST OFF! WE HAVE OUR BOOTY!



THEY WERE MOVING THE SHIP - AND JAILING THE MEN - IN SEARCH OF MORE SHIPS - BUT IN VAIN.

NINE MEN HAVE DIED FROM CHOLERA - THE SHIP IS FOUL AND LEAKY AND OUR STORES ARE GIVING OUT! IT LOOKS LIKE WE MUST PREPARE FOR THE WORST!



SAIL OFF THE PORT BOW!!



MISFORTUNE, MY LADS, FOR IT IS A DUTCH VESSEL -- I CANNOT ATTACK!







TODDY



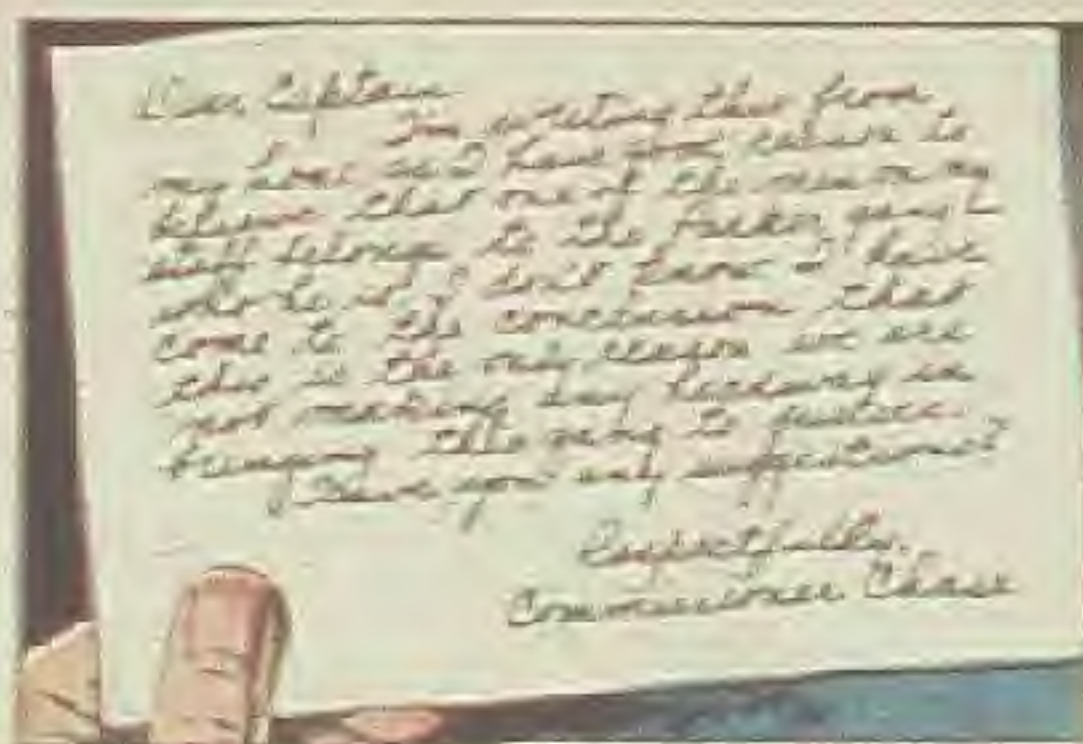
TODDY

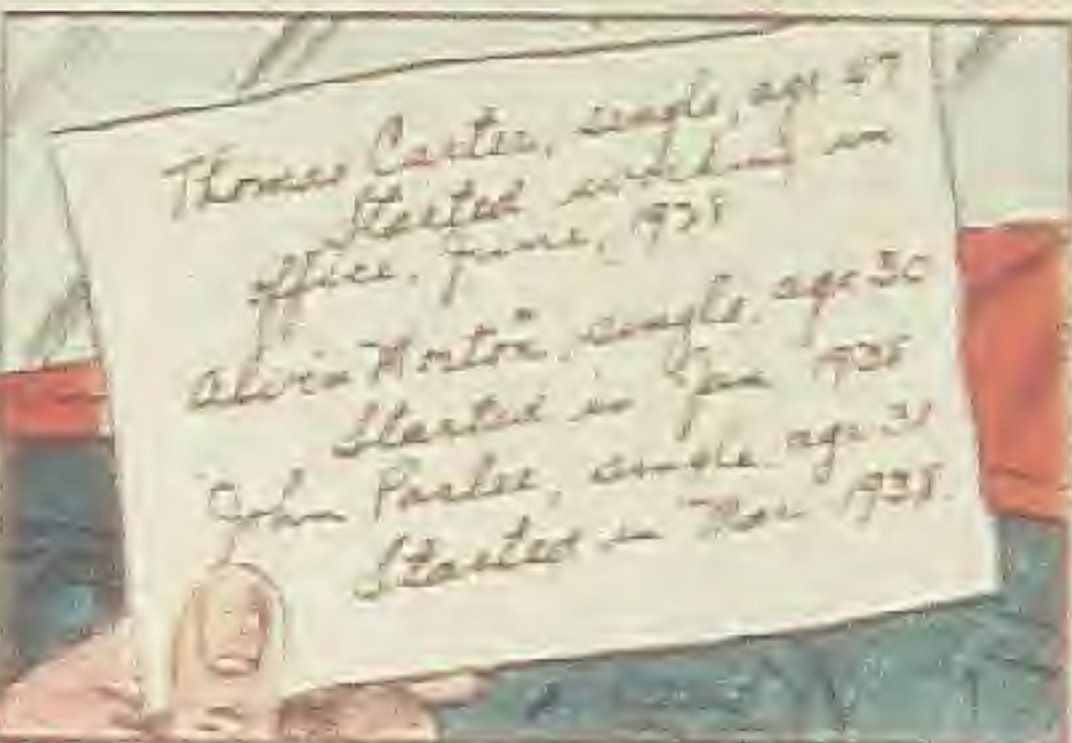
BY
GEORGE MARCOUX



MORTIMER MUM

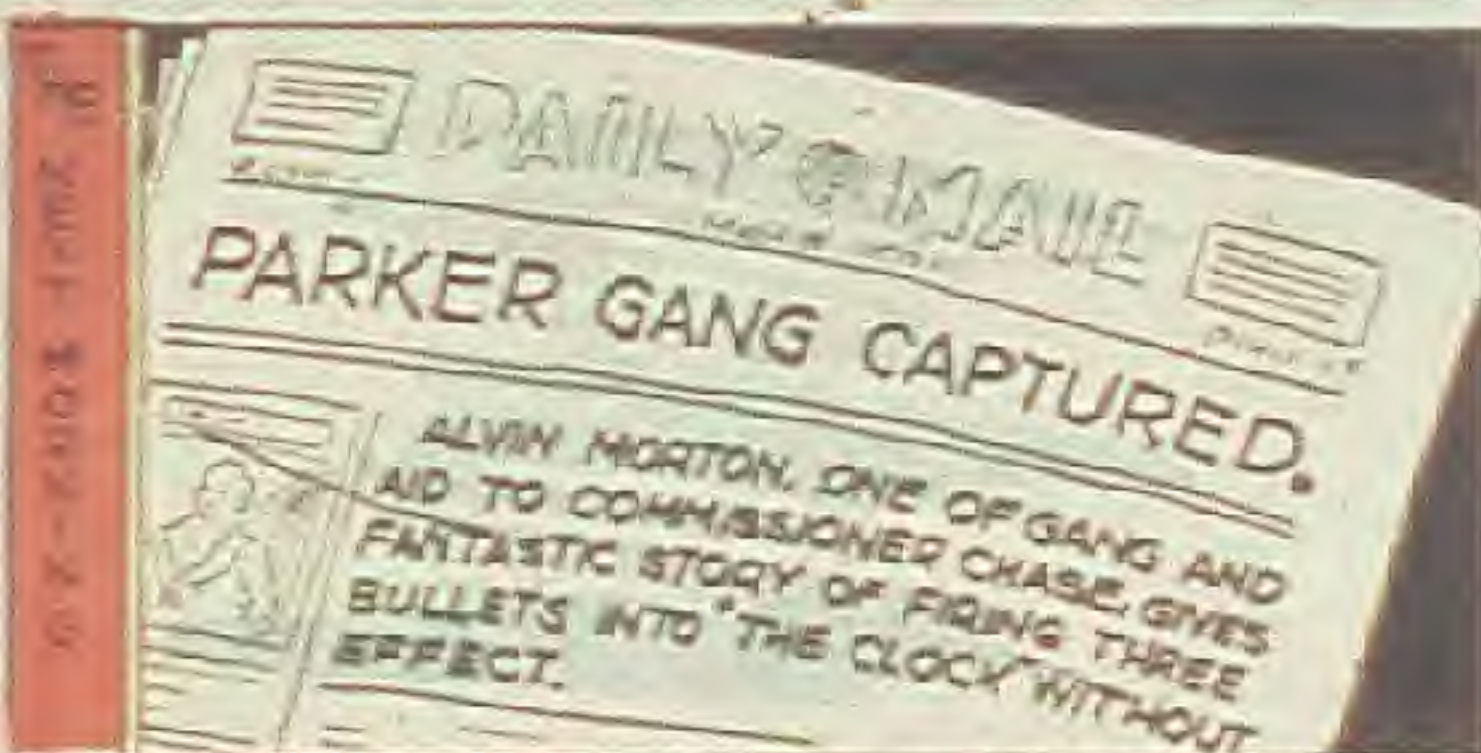












THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About Exactly What Happened on That Historic Merkle Play



It's the last of the ninth. The Giants and Cubs are tied. Merkle is on first and McCormick on third. Bidwell singles. As Merkle starts for second, McCormick scores for the Giants.



BEHIND HIS TEAMMATE MCCORMICK, EVERS YELLS "SECOND BASE!" AS MERKLE DASHES FOR THE BASE. BUT FOR THE CUBS' LOSS, EVERS' CALLING TO THE CUBS' LOSS, EVERS' CALLING TO THE CUBS' LOSS...

But Johnny Evers, Cub second baseman, yells for the ball. As it comes bounding toward him, Joe McGinnity dashes from the Giants' bench, intercepts the throw and heaves the ball into the leftfield bleachers.



The next day Umpire Hank O'Day rules that Merkle was out for failure to touch second. McCormick's run did not count and O'Day—tandily but formally—calls the tied game an account of darkness.



And here is Fred Merkle, a great ball player, whose excusable error lost the game and made him a "goat" for many years. Until Evers called the play into question in 1908, it had always been customary to do what Merkle did.



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL



More of Dixie Dugan in the November issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale September 29th.



RANCE AND CHAPS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE RANCH. RANCE IS A FINE FELLOW AND CHAPS IS A FINE FELLOW.



WITH THE APPROACHING EVENING, RANCE AND CHAPS WENT TO THE RANCH. RANCE WAS A FINE FELLOW AND CHAPS WAS A FINE FELLOW.



THE WESTERN SUN SLOWLY SINKS BEHIND THE DISTANT RANGE AS OUR TWO FRIENDS RIDE UP TO THE RANCH.





RANCE DECIDES TO VISIT SHERIFF DAN WILSON AND FIND OUT THE PARTICULARS OF DOAN'S DEATH - HE FINDS THAT THE SHERIFF CONSIDERS THE CASE CLOSED.



STILL UNCONVINCED THAT THE BUNKER WAS A SUICIDE, RANCE DECIDES TO RUN DOWN HIS HUNCH THAT DOAN MIGHT HAVE BEEN MURDERED -



IT WAS A SUICIDE, RANCE! CLYDE DIED FROM GAS FUMES FROM THE LIGHT JUST IN HIS ROOM. THE DOOR AND WINDOWS WERE LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE AND THERE WERE NO SIGNS OF VIOLENCE -



QUICKLY,
RANCE
POCKETS
THE BUTON,
AND THE
TWO LEAVE
THE
BANK -



WE'RE GOING
TO SEE THE
SHERIFF
AGAIN -



AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE -

YOU WAIT
OUTSIDE, CHAPS -
I'LL BE
RIGHT OUT -



RANCE
ENTERS DAN
WILSON'S
OFFICE AND
EXPLAINS
THAT HE
THINKS
HE HAS
A NEW
CLUE
ON THE
CASE -

SO YOU SEE, DAN -
I'M ALMOST POSITIVE
IT WAS MURDER -
AND IF YOU'LL JUST
COME OUT TO DOAN'S
WITH ME AND LOOK
THINGS OVER -

WELL, RANCE - I
THINK YOU'RE ALL
WRONG, BUT I'LL
GO WITH YOU IF
ONLY TO CONVINCE
YOU THAT YOUR
SUSPICIONS ARE
WRONG -



WELL, WE'LL
SOON FIND OUT -



THE THREE MOUNT AND RIDE TOWARD THE DOAN HOME -



AS THEY
ENTER THE
HOUSE
TO MAKE
THEIR
INVESTIGATION -

MY IDEA IS
THAT THE MURDER
WAS COMMITTED
FROM THE CELLAR -

THE STAIRS
TO THE
CELLAR ARE
OVER HERE -



IN THE CELLAR -

YOU SEE! THIS
GAS METER HAS BEEN
TAMPERED WITH!





DASHING DOWN THE STAIRS THEY FIND CHAPS FIGHTING DESPERATELY WITH A SHADDOY POW!



RANCE ENTERS THE FIGHT AND TAKES DOWN HIS SHADDOY OPPONENT.



BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN



BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN



NED BRANT

8-608
ZUPPE

LET'S GET STARTED—
WE'RE GOING THROUGH
MY HOLE TOWN
TODAY, YOU
KNOW

HAVE YOU LET THEM
KNOW YOU'RE COMING,
JAKE?

OF COURSE THEY KNOW
I WANTED THEM TO
HAVE TIME TO GET A
BIG CELEBRATION
READY

WE WON'T MIND IF JAKE
GETS ALL THE GLORY
FOR ONCE, WILL
WE NOT?

NO, NED,
BUT IT'LL
TAKE A
REMARKABLE
MEMORY TO
REMEMBER A
CHEESE
ONION
LIKE JAKE

WELL, THIS IS THE
PLACE—MAYBE THEY
EXPECTED US TO COME
BY ANOTHER
ROAD—

WHAT A
DIN OF WELCOME!
A PIN DROPPING
WOULD SOUND LIKE
A NAKHOLE
COVER!

HEY, YOU GUYS—
WHERE IS
EVERYBODY?

YEAH,
THERE'S TWO
OF US HERE
AND A COUPLE
ACROSS THE
STREET

I'M JAKE STAHL—
REMEMBER ME?

ONLY
STALL 1
KNOW IS THE
ONE MY HORSE
SLEEPS IN

WE'LL
LISTEN—
DO SOMETHING
FOR ME,
WILL YOU?

WHEN YOU SEE THE
OTHERS, TELL THEM
ROOSEVELT'S BEEN
ELECTED!

YIPPEE!
CAN'T BEAT
A ROUGH
RIDE!

JAKE—WANT TO TAKE
A RUN DOWN TO SEE
IF THEY'RE STILL
FIGHTING AT
BULL RUN?

THE GOODER
WE GET BACK TO
CARTER COLLEGE,
THE BETTER!



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Illustrated by E. W. DODGE



Ned Brant is continued in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale September 29th.

SLIM TUBBY



SLIM and TUBBY

John J. Welch



More of Slim and Tubby in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.

The Rules of the Game

By A. L. ALLEN

Bob rolled over on his stomach and lay watching the sheep grazing in the valley below.

"If it weren't for those blamed sheep Dad wouldn't be in this fix," he said, his voice sullen and angry.

His brother, Dink, didn't reply. He just sat leaning against the trunk of a mesquite tree, apparently not even listening. Bob snorted. When Dink crawled into one of his silent spells you might as well let him alone. If he didn't want to talk he just wouldn't, and that was that!

The silence continued for some time, then suddenly Dink said: "I've got an idea." Just that—nothing more. Bob didn't know whether he ought to ask "what" or just wait and see. So he compromised by saying: "Huh!" That turned the trick, for Dink began to "give out."

"There's going to be a rodeo in San Tone next week. There's a lot of money in rodeos."

Bob wondered what it was all about. Dink was brewing some sort of scheme. Better let him alone and he'd keep on "giving out."

He did.

"If we could win some prize money Dad could buy his feed."

This brought Bob up to a sitting position with a start.

"What do you mean—prize money?"

"Now look, Bob. It's up to us to do something. Dad's crops all

failed, his credit is all gone, he's got to have feed for the hogs—Right?"

"Yeah," Bob snapped, "that's right. Raisin' hogs!" There was contempt in his voice. "The idea of a man who's raised cattle all his life selling off most of his land to a sheep raiser, and turning his ranch into a pig pen! It's disgusting!"

"Hold your horses, Bob," drawled Dink. "You know very well that it was the only thing Dad could do. Most of his cattle died with hoof and mouth disease—he had to do something, and do it fast. It was the only thing left for him. Forget it! He's raising hogs now and you and I have to help him do it. That's all there is to it, so shut up and let's work something out."

Bob ducked his head—shamed. His brother was right. He was a pig himself to complain about anything his father did.

"Well," he asked, "what's your plan?"

Dink's face lighted with enthusiasm. "Now here's the dope: we enter the rodeo contests. The entrance fees aren't much—I believe Uncle Tad will loan us enough for 'em—and if we can cop just one prize Dad can buy enough feed to last until the next crop comes in."

"But what can we do in a rodeo? We can ride, sure! But so can everybody else in this neck of the woods. I'm not much good with a rope and neither are you. We never bull-dogged a steer in our lives, and . . ."

"That's where I think you're wrong. I believe you can ride any

horse on four feet. Of course I'm pretty small for that . . ." He grinned ruefully, thinking of how he had always been called a "dinky little fellow."

"And," he continued, "I believe I can do a few tricks . . . Well, anyhow, it's settled. We'll try."

"But," argued Bob, "I don't even know the rules of the game."

"Phooey on rules! You know that you've got to stay top-side horse and not grab leather—ain't that enough?"

"Oh . . . I guess so. Come on, it's feeding time. Let's get home."

Although it took a tall lot of talking, Uncle Tad put up the entrance fees and agreed to keep his mouth shut. It must be admitted that the boys didn't say anything about "bronc-busting" and Uncle Tad was allowed to think that the contests they intended to enter were quite harmless.

At any rate, here they were. The Rodeo was in full swing. The parade around the arena was over and the trick and fancy riders were doing their stuff.

Dink—little Dink, not much bigger than a bar of soap after a hard day's washing—was mounting his horse. As soon as his foot hit the stirrup the beautiful little pinto stretched out in a run, as smooth and evenly paced as a machine. Dink knew every move of his horse. He had trained him from a colt, and his responses were perfectly timed—so were Dink's.

With a movement as quick and lithe as an Indian's, Dink came up, one foot resting—sure and light—in the seat of the saddle, his arms outstretched like an adagio dancer; the Pinto, neck arched, going like the wind.

Dink was good, thought Bob, watching from the side lines. What the Sam Hill was he up to now? Even he had never seen Dink do all these tricks. What was this? Dink's hands came down to his sides. He settled in a semi-

scooch, squatting, his feet still resting in the center of the saddle seat. Then—before you could catch your breath, he was up and over, then down again, seated in the saddle. He had done a complete somersault, landing gently and with sure grace back in the saddle on the running horse.

Dink was good! Bob swelled with pride. There he goes again! Under the saddle, under the belly of the flying horse, clear around and into the saddle again. Then, like a spinning top, he went round and round the neck of the Pinto. Movements so fast, so sure, so graceful that they seemed utterly simple.

Cheers rang from the grandstand. The judges were in conclave. Would they give the prize to Dink? Surely he had been the best, thought Bob, but you couldn't tell. Nobody but Dink had done that somersault. Surely they were! They were giving it to Dink! Little Dink—the champion trick rider of the Rodeo!

The calf-roping was over, the bull-dogging done. The broncs were being saddled in their narrow stalls. Already several riders had bitten the dust.

Bob, frankly scared and hardly knowing what he was doing, was sitting on top of the fence of one of those narrow stalls, ready to drop down into the saddle. His brain was whirling. All he could remember was that he mustn't grab leather—he must not touch the saddle with his hands. He had to stick on that horse somehow until the time limit was up. He didn't even know what the limit was. He only knew he had to stick!

He hardly knew it, but the gate was open. He was in the saddle and the bronc was out of the stall like a streak. Out and bucking!

Up on legs stiff as stilts. Down with a cruel jar. Up and down, spinning as he turned—run-fishing. Pulling at the bit. Trying to get his head down, with the bit in his teeth. Have to keep his head up. But he couldn't. Bob

couldn't hold him. But, he thought, his mind cleared of fog for a moment—he hasn't got a bit in his mouth—only a rope tied to a halter. If he could have just the fraction of a second free from those frightful jars, so he could get a long breath—but down came those stiff legs again, jarring Bob's head down into his spine. The blood started to spurt—nose bleed. It pushed. It flew back in his face and blinded him. He couldn't see. He couldn't even feel. Must re-mem-ber—don't—pull—leather—Bob lapsed into unconsciousness. He didn't know it, but he was on the ground near the fence that enclosed the arena.

Dink, over on the other side of the arena—outside the fence—saw it coming. Saw that vicious long-horned head burst out of an enclosing gate and head straight for the still figure of Bob. Saw the bull lower his head and pause slightly, as he started to charge. Nothing could save him. No one could get across that arena to save Bob from those long horns.

Dink stood watching in horrified fascination. Watched while the impossible happened. Saw a rope jerk Bob up to the top of the fence and safety.

On the top of the fence, perched there with his lasso dan-

gling, a cow-puncher had used his head. Trained to think in split seconds, his mind had worked in time.

Gently, and with no apparent aim, the lasso had dropped and encircled Bob's legs, just as the bull had paused for the charge.

The doctor was working over Bob. "He'll be all right," he said, just as Bob's lids fluttered open. He grinned rather weakly and said:

"Hello little squirt. How'm I doin'?"

"Doin'!" one of the old-timers standing near said, "Boy, you done good! You're the first person that ever rode that yellow devil for the limit in his life. That horse's name is Dynamite, and the name shore fits him. Son, you copped that prize money for fair!"

"But did I obey the rules? Did I...?"

"Feller," put in the old-timer, "when a man can ride like that the rules take care of themselves."

COVE OF THE BEASTS
starts in the November issue
of **FEATURE COMICS** —
on sale September 29th.



RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

BRAIN DIZZY

DO YOU THINK THIS PICTURE IS TRUE TO LIFE? OH— LET'S FORGET IT! WE SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT IT UP IN THE FIRST PLACE!

HEY! YOUR LAST MOVIE WAS A FLOP SO I'M DASHING YOUR SALARY!

DON'T DO IT, BOSS—I DON'T DESERVE IT!



OUR SPECIAL INVENTION

OR THE NEW MOSQUITO-BITE SCRATCHER

FOOT PRESSURES RELEASE DOWNWHEEL BY RUNS BELT WHICH LIFTS BALLS TO— AS MAN THROWS BALLS AT PUSHER WHICH HANGS FROM STRINGS, BALL DROPS ON PLATFORM—THIS STARTS DEVICE HOLDING RAKES!—AND YOUR ITCH IS GIVEN A GOOD GOING OVER!



FOOLISH QUESTIONS NO. 338-462



Rube Goldberg's Side Show appears each month in FEATURE COMICS.

JANE ARDEN

JANE IS NOW RAPIDLY CONVINING THE CROOKED DEALER, BARON, THAT SHE IS A THIEF.

SHE'S A SLEAZEBAG BOSS—SHE ESCAPED THE POLICE BY HIDING THE BRACELET IN MY DOCKET.

—AND THEN SHE TOOK IT AWAY FROM YOU!

HAS I MUST GET A TIDY VITEL HERE— I WAS IN A STAY-AS-HOTEL—

OH—HIS RUCKER? YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT THE HERO—HIS DISEASE WILL BE RIGHT OVER—

I'M ABOUT TO OWN THE ROCKBILT GEMS, STEPHEN— THE POLICE ARE AFTER HER SO SHE CAN'T REPORT US.

I'LL BE IN THE CLOSEST MOVE I'VE GOT— I'VE GOT A WHIST!

ALL I WAS EXPECTING YOU— WHAT PRICE ARE YOU ASKING FOR THE GOODS?

200,000—AND IT'S WORTH A THOUSAND!

WELL— THIS IS GOING TO BE A SORT OF JOB, ALRIGHT!

I'LL GUESS HE GOT YOU AND THAT ROCKBILT BRACE—

LO—I WENT TO MR. RUCKER.

SO YOU WENT TO THE COPS— I WARNED YOU!

NOW WHERE'S THAT BRACE— LEFT OR RIGHT? I CAN GIVE YOU A POLICE REWARD!

THE POLICE CAN'T TOUCH ME WITHOUT THE BRACE— LET AND I WAS TOO SMART TO BRING IT HERE— NOW—BUT IF YOU PAY MY PRICE—

WHY— WHAT?

WE'LL SEARCH HER— I TOLD YOU SHE WAS SLEAZE!

WAL, LENA SAYS IF WE DON'T HURT SAM'L RUDDY— ALL RIGHT, MARRY YA, LOW DAW!

I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT NOW!

WHAT? I NOPE! HER TONGUE THEN DIES OF HERSELF— DAW!

WAGS TOO MUCH FOR ME!

EVEN HER COOKIN' AIN'T WORTH IT—

I THINK IT'S NOBLE OF DAW'S TO STEP ASIDE FOR A CAN MARRY SAM'L!

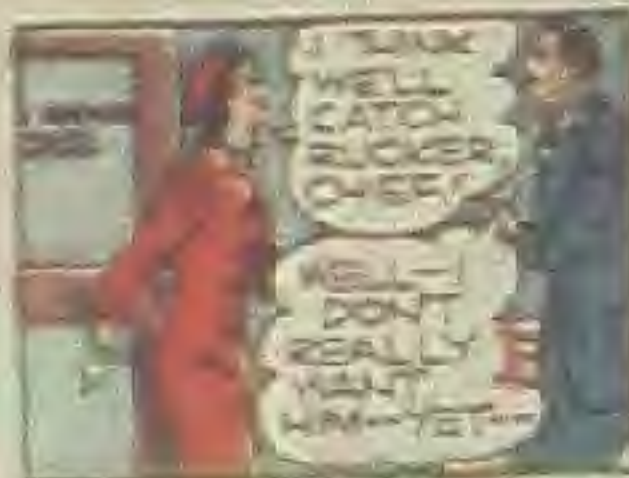
OH, DAW!— YOU'RE A DEAR! I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS!

MAKE UP, DAW!— THE GAL LOVES YOU!

WAL—MEEBIE I HAVE BEEN A BIT HARD ON LENA— AN' HER CARN' SO MUCH FOR ME!

GET OUT YER BOOK, PARSON— RECKON I'LL MARRY ER!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN
 TELL THE GOVERNMENT ABOUT THAT THE SCARF IS IN PARIS

SEE YOU'LL GET TO KNOW HIS SCARF

YES—YOU WILL BE A JEWEL THIEF—YOU'LL ROB LEON MARSE

AND YOU'LL BE A BIG GEM COLLECTOR

THIS IS THE LAST HARBOR OF OUR BEST AGENTS—AND A FISHWOMAN

WHAT NAME DID YOU USE ON THE ANTWERP CASE LEON?

THAT'S EASY! JUST HAVE YOUR AGENTS ESCORT HIM TO HIS BOAT

FINELY THAT'S YOUR AGENTS' WORK—YOU'LL BE THE PAPER

AND HERE'S A NECKLACE LEON—WORTH A FORT—ONE/ONLY JANE

I UNDERSTAND! AND YOU AGENT NEWS OF IT IN ALL THE PAPERS

GOOD LUCK—AND NOW ONE MUST KNOW YOU ARE WORKING TOGETHER

HEY—WHO'S THIS BIG SHOT? LOOK AT HIS BODYGUARD! HE MUST BE AWFUL IMPORTANT—

IT WORKS WE'LL GET PLENTY OF SPACE IN ALL NEWSPAPERS

YES—I MUST HAVE GUARDS—FOR I AM A BIG DIAMOND COLLECTOR, COMTE DE ANTIGNAC

AM LENA—I'LL HITCH UP WITH DAN! JUST AS SOON AS I GET A TASTE OF THAT POSSUM!

NO! IT'S SAM! EDDY I'M AIN'T TO MARRY!

WELL, I SHOULDN'T LET YE IN AFTER YE'VE BEEN WITH THEM PERSECUTORS!

PLEASE LET ME IN BEFORE THEY COME BACK!

LET YE IN! BE GITTIN' IN! BE GITTIN' IN!

BE GITTIN' IN! BE GITTIN' IN! BE GITTIN' IN!

OH SAM! THEY WANTED TO MAKE ME MARRY DAN!

WELL, HUSH NOW—I'LL PERSECUTE YE!

RIGHT! NOW GET OUT THAT AN' FIX SOME GRUB GAL—A HURRY!

THAT'S RIGHT—I REMEMBERED I'M POWERFUL HUNGRY!

THAT'S RIGHT—I REMEMBERED I'M POWERFUL HUNGRY!

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THAT'S RIGHT—I REMEMBERED I'M POWERFUL HUNGRY!



JANE ARDEN

by Henry Barrows and Ronald E. Ross

AS EVERY PAPER CARRIES PICTURES OF COMTE DE ANTIS-NAC ABOUT TO SAIL FOR EUROPE

MR. RUCKER, ALL PAPERS WRITE OF HIS DIAMOND COLLECTION

WOW! I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE STONES!

THE MAN WITH THE SCAR COULD GET PAST THOSE GUARDS CHIEF!

LOOK AT THIS PHOTO. DO YOU KNOW THIS GIRL?

WHY? IT'S THE GAL WHO SOLD YOU THE ROCK-BUT BRACE—LET—AND SHE'S NOW AFTER HIS STONES!

I MUST CABLE THE MAN WITH THE SCAR!

WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE UNDER MY DOOR—MUST BE FROM THE COMTE DE ANTIS-NAC!

HE WANTS ME TO MEET HIM ON THE BOAT DECK—BUT NO ONE MUST SEE US!

REMEMBER, BE AT MY HOTEL IN PARIS THE NIGHT OF THE 17TH—I'LL SET THE STAGE FOR YOU TO STEAL MY MOST FAMOUS NECKLACE!

OKAY, I'LL BE THERE!

AFTER THAT THE MAN WITH THE SCAR WILL WANT TO MEET YOU! THE CHIEF HOPES IT WORKS THAT WAY!

WIRELESS FOR YOU, MISS ARDEN!

JANE ARDEN BE AMERICAN AT SEA WHEN YOU GET MERCHANDISE BRING IT TO ME—RUCKER

I'M PLAYING IT BOTH WAYS, STEPHEN—IF THE GIRL BEATS THE MAN WITH THE SCAR TO THOSE STONES THEY'LL STILL COME MY WAY! WE WIN EITHER WAY—EH, BOSS?

CONTINUED

WAL, PARSON—I GOT YE A NICE DOSSUM TOOK AFTER ALL!

NOW LET'S SIT ON WITH THE YEDDIN—WARRS LENAT! SHE'S WITH YU RUDDYS ASIN, BOYS!

CMON—LOAD UP, BOYS! THE FEUD IS GOING TO START ALL OVER!

WHY? HEY, BOYS—I SMELL WHORTLEBERRY TARTS! SHU NUFF!

WOW! WHORTLEBERRY TARTS!

WE OUTS! MEN CAN'T GO ON FEUDIN' WHEN THEY'S HUNGRY AN' WEETIN' THEM POWERFUL GOOD TARTS! YUM-YUM!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



Jane Arden is continued in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale September 25th.

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.



"HEY! THAT'S MY COLLAR BUTTON YOU PULLED!"

"THIS IS A SWELL WAY TO SHARPEN 'EM, TONY!! AND WE WORK UP INTEREST IN THE CROWD TOO!!"

"MARRY ME, OSCAR--AND LET ME TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ALL THIS!"



"HE USES A CADDY IN GOLF SO HE'S TRYING IT HERE!"

"DARN THAT STOP LIGHT--NOW I'LL NEVER CATCH HIM!!"



"WOW--I'M SORRY I EVER TOOK THIS JOB ON THIS SKI TRAIN!"

REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

by ART DINWIDIE

WELL, HERE I AM, JIM—WHAT'S WRONG?

TOM WADE, MY FATHER'S HELPER IS BACK IN TOWN—AND HE CAME BACK ALONE!

YOU SEE, SERGEANT REYNOLDS, LAST YEAR MY FATHER LEFT FOR HIS GOLD MINE IN THE MOUNTAINS AND HE TOOK WADE WITH HIM. ---

—NOW I JUST OVERHEARD WADE ASKING RED CLOUD, THE HALF-BREED, IF HE WANTED HALF SHARE IN A GOLD MINE!

THAT MEANS SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO DAD AND WADE IS GOING BACK WITH FRESH SUPPLIES—YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, SERGEANT!

LOOK—HERE COME WADE AND RED CLOUD ON THEIR WAY DOWN TO THE RIVER!

I'LL ASK WADE A FEW QUESTIONS!

WADE, JIM HERE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW HIS FATHER IS --

OH—HE'S FINE—YEP—JUST FINE! LET'S GO, RED CLOUD!

YOU'RE LYING, WADE! ---HOW COME YOU OFFERED RED CLOUD HALF SHARE IN A ---

WHAT TH'--!! HOW DID YOU---?

WE KEEP HIM QUIET!

WHY YOU FOOL! QUICK—RUN FOR IT!

W-WHAT IF THAT KID FOLLOWS US --AND--

HAVE NO FEAR--HE WILL NOT PICK UP TRAIL THAT I SHOW YOU!







OFF SIDE - BY JO METZLER

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"HONEST, THIS IS A
SWELL GOLF COURSE
WHEN THE TIDE'S OUT!"



"WELL, CAN I HELP
IT IF THEY GET IN
FRONT OF MY TARGET?"



"THEM AINT WINGS--
THEY'RE CALLOUSES
FROM HIM BEIN' ON
HIS BACK!"



"NOW, WHEN THAT RIVAL
PITCHER TRIES TO BUST
IT, YOU'LL GET A HIT!"



"IT'S A
NEW
IDEA
FOR
COACHIN'
RUNNERS
ON THE
BASES
!!"





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

LET'S
GET
GOING



ARE YA SURE
YA CAN STAY
ON IT, NIPPIE?

WHY IT'S
A BUNCH!
WATCH
ME!
OKEY! I'M
READY!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



IT WAS SWELL
OF JIM BROWN
TO FIX IT SO
WE COULD
PLAY HERE,
UNCLE PHIL!

I'LL SAY IT
VARS! AN
I'LL ENJOY
EVERY
MINUTE
OF IT!



OH LOOK!!
THERE'S A
WATER HOLE
RIGHT HERE
AT THE START!

WATER HOLES
DONT BOTHER
ME! I JUST
STEP RIGHT
UP AN
DOCK IT!



YALL WARTA HIT
A GOOD ONE,
UNCLE PHIL--
I BARELY
GOT OVER

DONT WORRY,
I FEEL IM
GONNA PLAY
THE BEST
GOLF OF
ME LIFE
NOW!!



HA-HA!!
RIGHT
IN THE
WATER!



TAKE YOUR
TIME ON THIS
ONE, UNCLE
PHIL---

DONT BE
TELLIN ME!
I WAS PLAYIN
GOLF BEFORE
YOU WAS
BORN!



IT JUST
ROLLED IN!
THAT'S A
SHAME!

BAH!! WHY?
THE CADDY
KIN GET IT OUT
AN I'LL PLAY
IT FROM THERE!



I AINT GONNA
REACH FOR
IT, MISTER--
THAT SWAN
GOES FOR
YA!

THEN STAND
BACK!!--I
AINT AFRAID
OF NO
SWAN!



KEEP AWAY FROM ME,
YOU SEA-GON
OSTRICH---OR I'LL
WRAP THIS CLUB
AROUND YOUR
NECK!!



OOOOOW!



GEE--I'LL BET
IT WAS A SWELL
GOLF COURSE
TOO!

AH--
SHUT
UP!!

NIPPIE



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale September 29th.

READ

FEATURE

COMICS

EVERY MONTH

for the tops
in action, humor, and thrills.

Joe Palooka, Mickey Finn, Jane Arden, The Clock, Ned Brant, Off The Record, Lala Palooza, Toddy, Dixie Dugan, Mortimer Mum, Big Top, The Bungles, Reynolds Of The Mounted and Slim and Tubby have been running for some time in FEATURE COMICS. However, we predict that the new features we have recently added-Charley Chan, Rance Keane, Captain Fortune and Rube Goldberg's Side Show-will soon be equally popular.

+

Remember the November issue of **FEATURE COMICS** goes on sale September 29th. Buy it from your regular newsdealer and reserve your copy now.



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